

prism peace college literary magazine

2011

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Peace college literary magazine

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When Curious Becomes the Norm

Jessica Dixon

The rabbit hole has lost its metaphorical luster.

Falling is in.

Everybody, get down!

Go down!

Down

Down

Down.

I must say, it's getting crowded down here.

So I say,

"It's getting crowded down here."

No one hears.

Rather, no one acknowledges any of that.

Packed like sardines.

I'm 96% sure this wasn't in the WONDERLAND brochure.

I'm 0% sure it was, 1% doubtful, and 1% apathetic.

The final 2% can't vote due to claustrophobia.

Got to get up and out.

Have to get up and out.

Need to get up and out.

Who wants to stampede the White Rabbit?

Drown in a cup of tea?

Take part in a mass execution?

No thank you.

So I turn to the doorknob, clear my throat, and speak.

I say,

"Hey, buddy, got a cousin that knows the way out?

I'm not interested in talking caterpillars anymore."

He says,

"Sure thing.

The fire escape is to your left, past the rest rooms."

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The mass hardly notices me squeeze through.

Too busy cooing over lunatics and scientific cats.

The fire escape is all mine.
It goes up, not down.
Spotless, brand new, straight out the package.
Shining as I go up

up up.

The world it leads to is unbelievable. Empty.

Green.

Untouched.

"Secondary purification."

I hear the words from behind me.

"Welcome to earth."

I turn around and see a man. A child holds his hand. No animal heads. Nothing bizarre.

"Been awhile."

Yeah.

Yeah it has.

Sin Sandy Nguyen

Forgive me—
for I have sinned.
In a world of conquest,
I can never win.
For the vanity and contempt,
and the pit of the core,
full of adamant lust,
I donned as a whore.
For hiding and trusting on dark lies,
I never knew it was all a guise.

Blood Temperature

Anonymous

The blood is cold,
That of a loner,
Waiting for someone
To come get to know her.
It's hard to be alone
Or without any trust,
Not even for love,
And love is a must.

The blood is warm,
That of a lover,
Knowing who you want.
It'll only get harder.
But who really cares
When you love someone?
But in light of betrayal,
The war has begun.

The blood is cold,
That of a killer.
What does that make me?
An insane thriller?
Sure, it was dark.
My intentions were clear.
I shot her in the heart,
And held on to my dear.

There is no blood
In that of the dead.
I wish I had known
Before I went to bed.
But it's all over now.
Tomorrow, I'll be bold.
If there was blood in the dead,
Mine would be cold.



Walls

Sandy Nguyen

If these walls could speak,
What would they say?
Fair memories so fond yet left to fray?

If these walls could speak,
They'd tell of the kisses exchanged after school
And glances between crushes, lovers, and fools,
Jealousies of paramours and beloved ones all alike—
The things people do just to get through the night.

If these walls could speak, They'd tell of laughter and tears, The passing of those we can still hear.

If these walls could speak,
They'd tell of lonely strangers,
Wandering through halls looking for danger,
Hopelessly wondering when all of it will end,
Never knowing what's coming around the bend.

If these walls could speak,
They'd tell of the unknown,
The greatest of glories,
The worst sins atoned,
And all the things kept between us
Will finally be known
In a final story,
All yours alone.

Insomnia Sandy Nguyen

Holding on to the moon's light, wishing for a dream in sight.

Unbroken eyes forget to see all but the world around he, and night collects the ill reprieved, straining out the better through broken sieve.

Strange how the shadows grow alive, but now the question is — how do I survive?

Because you open doors for me without my asking.

Because your smile brings my day joy.

Because we're so different it should be against the rules.

Because you promised a love worth keeping.

Because you know as I knew once.

Because you'd kill for a moment more.

Because the walls breathe and let your name slip when you're not here.

Because you love the silence and dark just as much as I do.

It never hurts to be with you;

I never doubt you because we're free.

You're my everything and all I see.

In All Fairness...Never After Sandy Nguyen

Noble knights on gleaming white steeds?
Oh, what a lie [Chaucer's] told indeed.
Such things exist in fairytale land,
But rarely do we see it in today's common man
No evil dragons or sorcerers to slay.
No damsel in distress or even dismay.
True love exists only once a blue moon,
And those who believe are the silliest of buffoons.
And what of fair fights that have to be fought?
Today you turn around and just get shot!
It's a dog eat dog world,
Not fit for the faint of heart.
Gallantry, oh chivalry, could never leave its mark.
Happy endings all have crappy ends,
Because this is a tale spun by absurdly dead men.

Part

Sandy Nguyen

Does it make no difference?

Rich or poor?

We have the same hands that reach for truth.

We have the same eyes that seek for the unknown.

Do we not love as much as our neighbor?

Do we not rejoice when we are happy?

Do we not all have purpose in this world?

And do we not have the same hearts that bleed red?

Labeled wherever we go.

It's as if the world has branded us from the moment we were born.

We follow unwritten rules that have no ending.

The world of men has left us shattered and torn.

Now all we do is stand and mourn

For the death of a thing that would never even start,

Expected to play such a dreaded part.

Birds of Prey

Juliana Stilwell

Birds of prey

Hide my face.

In the bed I lay,

Covered in lace.

My deeds are done.

My bed is made.

I feel so alone.

No one to blame.

Ashamed I feel.

Hurt in the air.

Shattered pieces all around.

Shattered pieces of my innocence.

No one could ever love me

And my shattered innocence.

Alicia Grimes

She Knew. As she walked through the aisles of Walmart, she knew. It wasn't the prideful, pity-filled stares from the other soccer moms, or the unique way they let her almost hear what they were saying as she walked by that told her. No. She had known long before their small gossipmonger brains ever had a chance to find out. Her Darling Husband of ten years was indeed cheating.

Rebecca Dawson had followed her lot in life. She climbed her social ladder. She'd married a man one step above her, had 2.5 kids, and went to the gym four times a week to keep her figure. Her degree in college wasn't important, according to her mother and father. "Pick anything," they said. "Remember, we met in College." So she did. Her multiple degrees in Bio-chemical engineering were doing nothing but gathering dust. Instead, her MRs degree was out there for the world to see. She quit her research on stem cells and their effects on cancer to become a mom. They didn't need her income to get by; James made enough as an Investment Banker. They lived comfortably. They had a quite nice fivebedroom ranch style house with a portico and a pool. The Pool. That is how she knew.

With her sons being 8 and 7, Rebecca knew they would have no idea about girls and their bikinis. Especially losing their bikinis in the pool. Her husband, however, had a nice, pretty secretary that was just the size of this hot pink flowered suit. This was weeks ago. Now it was time to put her plan in to action. With the boys at the sitter's, she found him in his study.

"James..."

"What, Becky? I have to finish this for work."

"Fine, while you finish that I need you to sign this. Oh, and if you need the boys and me from now on, we will be in the new house I bought in Bridson."

"What? These are divorce papers!! You can't afford Bridson. What is going on, Becky?"

"One, My name is Rebecca. I hate it, and have always hated it, when you call me Becky. Two, I believe this"—she threw the pink bikini on the desk—"belongs to someone you know. And Three, yes I can afford Bridson. I have a PhD in Biochemical Engineering and a job I started last week. I still got it after all these years, Darling, and you, sadly you don't."

With that, she was gone. Gone into the night. For the first time in ten years, she smiled.

Goodbye

Wendy Serrano

I look at you,

You look at me

You say no one would ever want me

You are a disgust

I can not trust

A deceiver

That delivers doubt

To make one self destruct

But I say NO!

It ends here.

With these tears I shed,

And you'll laugh, but I'll laugh last

As the friends you said I didn't have

Line up to wipe them away,

And each says,

You are beautiful, loving, and trustworthy.

Every word they say rips away

The seeds of doubt

You planted in me,

Until the orchards of doubt and self hate are stripped

away,

And I can look at you and see that

You, who was once ten feet tall,

Now shrinks to ten inches, a shell of a man

Who wants to steal my pride.

But I say no.

My friends are here for me.

I am worthy

My pride is mine

The heart you broke

Will be whole again

With a little help from my friends

Bullshit Conversation

Anonymous

"So, tell me how you are feeling" she speaks softly

Finally, a chance to explain myself.

I open my mouth but cannot utter a word.

My mind going a million a second,

Yet not one can escape my lips.

She sighs that long awaited breath

And leaves.

No more.

"How could you be so cruel to me after all we've been though?"

The walls vibrate with the sound.

How have I taken this abuse?

How have I allowed you to do these things?

And so many things you have done?

Here I am pouring my heart out, and

No.

I'm not perfect. I don't strive to be,

But I believe in making as little mistakes as I can.

I know the difference between right and wrong,

and I know when something I have done will hurt someone else.

You are so unforgiving, and I'm a chump,

The fool in your kingdom, your martyr.

No more.

The yelling.

Screaming.

Words that shouldn't matter.

Words that should.

Why are we even fighting? What are we gaining?

Accomplishing?

Destroying?

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I have had enough of this game.

One more step and I will fall backwards.

Can I expect someone to catch me?

Or will I drown in the image of the one who has pushed me?

Your never ending pit of what you claim cannot be altered.

I'll ask. I'll wait. I'll hope.

No more.

The Land of Insomnia is a Fascist Empire.

Ana Teresa Galizes

Can't sleep.
Wishing for rain, like the other night.
I understand the need for
Making consumers buy
High heels when the economy is down.
Hems are up this year.

Tension between the shoulders.
A headache behind the eyelids.
The need for a primal scream
Overpowers productivity.
And just as relief comes to the rescue...
Surprise! Havoc reigns on Earth!

The haze finally sets in.
Time to think about
Ribbons, wild flowers, and kisses.
I can fight it for a little bit,
But what I truly hope for is
An eight-hour coma.

A Fantastic Recipe Ariel Wortham

Lion's breath, dragon's roar, Many deaths from a war, Pinch of fate, maybe more, Add a song and some lore, And a prophesy of yore.

Stir, stir, let it bubble; If you don't, there may be trouble!

Now the magic — this is key!

Or no good yours will be.

A bit of love of the sea

May put all things in harmony.

Now let it sit, but not too long, If you do, all goes wrong!

> When the battle's done, Good has won! Evil sees no new sun.

If all is so, you're a go! And you've written a fantasy, you know.

Time Machine

Ariel Wortham

Inside,

I'm 19.

College things concern,

Aid applications and scholarships,

Deadlines, worries about money abound.

I

Look outside:

It is summer.

Walking out the door,

I begin shedding 10 years.

Hazy,

Hot day,

Blowing iridescent bubbles

To float lazily by,

Scrapping knuckles with sidewalk chalks.

Suddenly,

Rain falls.

Sidewalk colors run,

Barefoot in the rain,

Retreat to the porch soaking.

Swinging,

Sky clears,

Eating sweet ice pops,

Drink sweating beside me -

The summer at its best.

Inside,

I worry,

But outside, it's

Summer, and I shed

10 years from my age.

Le Metro: Notes from a Summer Spent Everywhere

Ana Teresa Galizes

Barcelona

On the Catalan subway,

Everyone likes to read.

Young and old,

Spaniards and Immigrants,

Everyone reads.

Books folded at the spine.

American Literature.

Spanish Literature.

They all quietly read.

Washington D.C.

On the D.C. subway,

There are men in uniforms

Fresh from Afghanistan and Iraq.

There are politicians

Looking at their watches.

Men and women in suits.

Briefcases in hand.

A city of tourists

And young professionals.

Paris

The Paris subway

Is oh, so crowded.

Day and night.

Le Metro is full of students

Doing their homework.

Women in hijabs.

A tour guide rolls a cigarette.

A young man from Morocco

Strikes up a conversation with me.

Boston

The Boston subway,

Referred to as "The T,"

Is the oldest in the nation.

Harvard and MIT students

Head into the Nightlife.

The T creaks and squeals

The Teleans and squear

As it makes its way

From Boston Bay

To Prudential Center.

Lisbon

On the subway in Lisbon,

There is a man with an accordion.

The Metropolitano is

Clean, fast, modern, and empty

On a rainy evening.

It travels through

State-of-the-art stations

With fine art and blue tile

All over their walls.

Upstairs

Ariel Wortham

"There's nothing up there." The girl's voice floated up the stairs to us. We paused on the steps to the fourth floor and looked down.

"Really?"

"Really," she nodded, "besides, the door's always locked."

"Okay, thanks."

The girl nodded again and walked off, leaving us on the steps alone. I looked towards the fourth floor door, now curious.

"I wonder what's in there," I mused.

"Apparently nothing, and if there was something, we can't access it."

Kari shrugged and turned to head down the steps. I stayed where I was, not satisfied. Kari sighed and waited for me at the landing. But I wasn't ready to go yet. I continued up the steps to the door, investigating the lock. It looked like a simple deadbolt was all that was really barring the door.

"What are you doing?" Kari hissed.

"Just curious," I muttered.

"Only because that girl said it was locked."

"No, because it's a building with four floors and only three are used," I said it absently as I got my ID card out and slid it into the crack.

"Oh my God. You are not about to break and enter!"

"It's not like I'm going to steal anything, I just want to look." I turned back to look at her, "Are you afraid that there's a ghost in here, too?"

"I don't believe there's a ghost anywhere on campus," she said stiffly.

"What about the girl that disappeared from her dorm one night and was never seen or heard from again? She lived in this building you know," I said, fiddling with the lock. The lock popped and I straightened triumphantly. I smiled at her and turned the handle, "Wait for me here if you're scared."

Kari scowled and stepped closer as I opened the door out and stepped over the threshold.

Beyond the light spilling in from the doorway, all was darkness and vaguely menacing shapes looming under dust covered sheets. We searched in vain for a light of some kind, but there was none to be had. Kari stood by the open door with her arms crossed tightly against her chest as I wandered to the edge of the light, attempting to discern whether or not a light switch may be further on in the room. Nearest the door were old and broken garden tools and other lawn maintenance items, which made no sense since this was an attic. Then, there were

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boxes of various shape and size and dust depth. The further back the boxes went the more the dust had dust. I brushed against one of the ones nearest me and disturbed a rather large spider.

"Let's go!" Kari urged a bit of panic in her voice. In the blackness beyond a tall stack of boxes there was some rustling.

"Let's go now!" Her voice was more frantic.

I sighed, looking longingly at the boxes, wishing to know what secrets they held.

"Come on! There's something up here," her eyes darted about.

"Probably just rats." I smiled, "I thought you didn't believe in ghosts." But I started towards the door anyways.

Behind me there was a crash and the squeaking of the rats I predicted lived up here. Kari bolted out the door. As it swung in slightly I noticed that there was no door knob or way to flip the bolt from the inside. I exited at a slower pace contemplating the peculiarities and shut the door behind me. I didn't have a way to relock the door, but who cared, it's not like rats had hands.

The rat squeaked angrily at the old bones that had fallen on him and crushed his tail. The skull had cracked down the middle and the jaw hung out to the side in an eternal scream. His tail hurt and he decided to find the pale lady with the cold hands. She would help him for sure, although she did make him nervous. If only he could discover where his brothers and sisters had disappeared to...

The pale lady dropped the dead rat, not quite satisfied, but that would change soon enough. Someone had left the door unlocked.

PetalsSandy Nguyen

He loves me, he loves me not. He is mine to keep, mine to change, my pain to carry, my burden to bear, my tears to weep, my ever present lie. Our love frightens me. To hear his sigh is another day where my heart does not go on, the day I die. I cannot share him with all the world. Everything I knew, I must deny. My heart so black, his still so pure, and yet there is only one cure. No matter what the world may see, He loves me, and that is a fact, so let us be.



MILES CALLOWAY



LEIGH ANNE SIMS



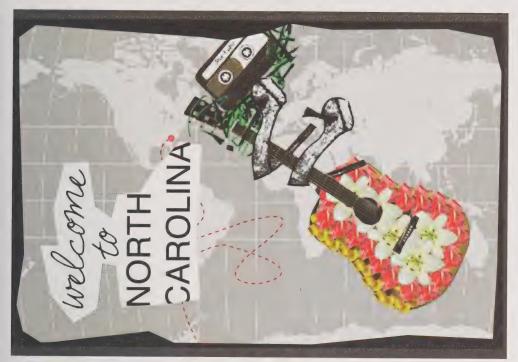
MILES CALLOWAY

Run a full load of laundry. Turn the llights off before you leave, Carpool. Use less energy, reduce our need for oil to keep our beaches free from crude,

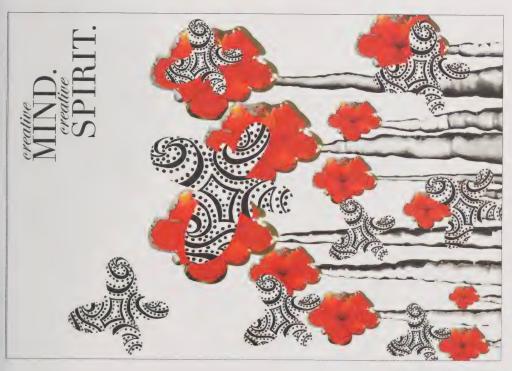


keep NC green

The future ain't what it used to be -Yogi Berra



OLIVIA GRIFFIN



AVERY HOWERTON

1320 West St	Record	Stamp
Raleigh, NC 27605	NC	Here
	www.zippedrecord.com	

OLIVIA GRIFFIN

threesixfive	PLACE STAMP HERE

A PROJECT OF ADE450: ADVANCED GRAPHIC DESIGN















LEIGH ANNE SIMS

AppleHead





OLIVIA GRIFFIN









THE SPRING SEMESTER BEGAN with this prompt:

Envision North Carolina in ten years. What do you see? How do we look, geographically and demographically? Have we found ways to deal effectively with crises like environmental degradation and overcrowding? Have we managed to reestablish our economy? Do we have better transit options, more parks, more cultural diversity? Meditate on an ideal future for our state.

After a class brainstorm, each student in the Advanced Graphic Design studio chose an adjective that best captured her vision of the future of the State.

COSMOPOLITAN
THRIVING
FRESH
GREEN
DIVERSE
OPEN
PRISTINE
CONNECTED

The first project was a map of the idea represented by each of these words. Using this map, students then built an elaborate image bank using an iterative process that asked them to combine and re-combine visual elements chosen for their relationship to the initial idea. Each student's image bank contained more than fifty discrete symbols at the conclusion of the process.

POSTCARDS FROM THE FUTURE represent selections from the image bank in context. Each student articulates her notion of NC in 2021 through a series of cards that speak from an imagined future scenario. Some are hopeful, some cautionary, some fantastic. We present a selection of them here.

MILES CALLOWAY

I chose the word cosmopolitan, and gathered a slew of images for a final goal I was completely unaware of. How does one move forward without knowing where one is going? Is that not what we as college students or humans in general are doing? Gods rarely give simple answers. Our riddled answers did little to inspire us, and caused much turmoil, yet we kept at it and eventually reached our final goals. Whether straight forward or in my case the more fanciful.

ALANA MCARTHUR

My postcards reflect what North Carolina could potentially become in 2021 if people do not take care of our environment. Hopefully these postcards will inspire people to recycle and to take care of mother nature, promoting a more sustainable future.

OLIVIA GRIFFIN

These postcards are focused around the idea that North Carolina will become the new center for recording music and have the largest music industry in America. Two of my postcards focus on exactly that point and highlight music in North Carolina. The next three postcards represent specific bands that have become popular in 2021.

ALYSSA PENCE

For my series of postcards, 'I chose to represent the North Carolina Zoo in 2021. The vision I had for this series was that in 10 years giraffes would become overpopulated and roam freely across the state. I took more of a fantasy approach, as giraffes could never have a human baby!

AVERY HOWERTON

In my imagination, in 2021 North Carolina will bring more creativity and art to its State. Encouraging people think with "Creative Minds and Creative Spirits." These postcards are imagined to be from a design firm in Raleigh, North Carolina, whose goal is to encourage people to think creatively with free spirits.

TIFFANY TAYLOR

These postcards represent homes of the future in North Carolina. I created a fictional realty group operating in the year 2021 that will use these postcards as promotional material for their company to showcase the beautiful real estate and scenery of North Carolina.

LEIGH ANNE SIMS

I think the future of North Carolina can go one of two ways. Either it will be clean and pretty or it will be polluted and filthy. I hope these postcards make people think about the future of NC with everything they do. Either you recycle or you don't, you turn off the lights, you don't and those decisions shape our future.

MEREDITH VAN VELSOR

My word was connected. I wanted to play on the irony of the idea of connected being associated with wires, and the increasingly popular wireless technology that I fore-see growing over the next decade. For 2021, I imagined a wireless internet company that could give worldwide connection. Anytime. Anywhere.



VISIT NOITH CAROLINA

MEREDITH VAN VELSOR















TIFFANY TAYLOR



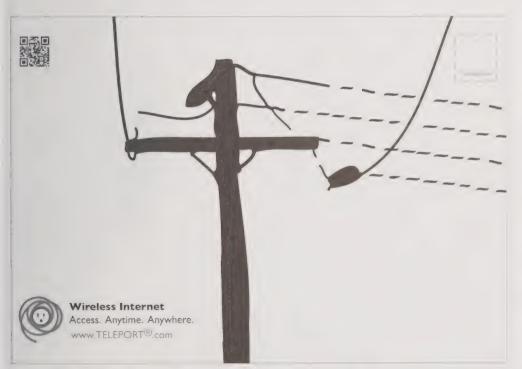


North Carolina's pollution quickly spread to air pollution, which lead to dying vegetaion. North Carolina is said to only have 3 remaining live tree's.

place stamp here

North Carolina Department of Recreation

ALANA MCARTHUR





ALANA MCARTHUR



MEREDITH VAN VELSOR

North Carolina Zoo

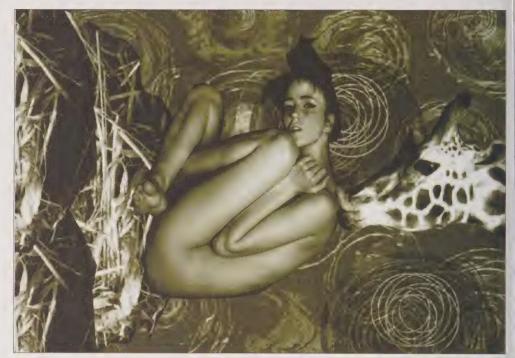


ALYSSA PENCE

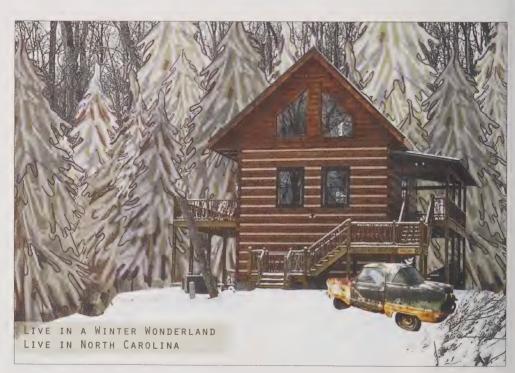
NORTH CAROLINA REALTY GROUP

PLACE STAMP

LIVE IN NORTH CAROLINA



ALYSSA PENCE



TIFFANY TAYLOR

Sprinze's Lullaby

Jessica Dixon

Memories have a way of creeping up.
I call them Nightmares.

Flames dance in the frame of my vision.

A child cries, desperate and in pain.

I shut my eyes tight,

Try to block it out.

Still, I see that fire,

And now I see her face.

It must be that of an angel:

Soft, innocent, loving.

She looks like you...

I squeeze my eyelids closer together,

Cup my hands over my ears.

I begin to hum a song I shouldn't know.

None of this is meant for me...

That doesn't make it hurt any less.

A sob lodges in my throat,

Chokes me, threatens to suffocate me.

Cold sweat drips down my face;

It soaks my back, my sides, under my arms.

She won't stop wailing!

I feel sick, double over, slide to my knees.

And I rock

and I rock

and I rock.

Back and forth.

Please make her stop. Please make her stop!

She quiets.

But I don't think she'll ever stop.

Nightmares have a way of creeping up.
I call them Memories.

Bulletproof Meet Hollow Point

Iessica Dixon

Every morning,
When I wake up,
I put on my bulletproof vest
And strut my stuff like I am the Queen of
Unadulterated and Undeniable.
The walking contradiction that
CAN'T BE STOPPED.

By noon,
I am defying death.
As well as modeling such adjectives as:
Unsafe, Unsound, Unsavory, and Unsolicited.
The gas mask I wear
Protects me from the poisoned air everyone else breathes
And protects everyone else from my narcissism.

Come nightfall,
I own the streets and alleyways,
Walking hand in hand with shadows.
The whispers call me
Undead.
I laugh to the high heavens.
Monsters bow before me

Midnight,
He saunters in,
Stinking up the place with positives,
And I am
Unprepared,
Because he remembered...

Hollow Point.

Bastard.

One definition of life

Al-Mounawara Yaya

Life is short, but still we don't always know how to live each moment as if it were the last.

Living like that for some would be a torture, for many it would be a shame, and for others, pure nonsense.

We all do something, or at least try to, with our lives.

Some are forced to reach too far.

Many don't use their full potentials,

Others dangle in between.

But still, life is on a continuum that does not start with zero.

We often think about tomorrow, but don't usually know what will come next.

We worry about elements that we can't control.

What has been done?

What needs to be done?

What should be done?

Most don't usually know the answers to those questions.

But still, life doesn't have to be a dilemma.

Fly, fly high, but don't get your wings cut up.

Dream, dream big, but be realistic and reasonable.

Resilience

Anna Tyson

Have you ever seen darkness grow in its natural habitat? A big. empty. hole of nothingness engulfed with lies, shadows, and whispers? I could imagine that it is a very scary place to be. I prayed that the poor unfortunate soul that dwelled in this place saw a shred of light...and desperately crawled to the surface where fresh air could finally fill its lungs. The dust that it had wallowed in choked it as it climbed slowly to the top. Little by little, making each progression count – she reached the surface. Life is resilient, changing slowly over time to surely survive. Evolution showed us that. And oh, had she changed. Once destined for the light, her ambition, her goals, and her dreams had weakened in the hole. The darkness does that, you know? But all of God's creatures are resilient. He promised us that. As the fresh, warm air moved into her lungs and she inhaled for the first time out the darkness, it all came back to her. She remembered what it felt like to breath again, to love again, to love herself for the first time — and she'd do immensely and without hesitation. Sometimes we fall into this hole, never on purpose, but it could happen to anyone...to you or to me. It happened to her. But. like I said, all of God's creatures are resilient.

> **Overcast** Meagan Hightower

Greyish blue clouds in the sky lazily roll over.

Drizzling and heavy rain tapers on and off.

Wind picks up — there goes a pink floral umbrella.

Screams, hollers, and footsteps rushing away.

Uneventful driving, speeding, moving lights.

Vociferously riotous thunder claps repeatedly without fail.

Radiantly shining lightening dances off and on.

Dancing and rolling around in the dark,
Getting or acting high off their hypnotic catnip,
Dramatically clashing with peace abiding rabbits,
Fur flying fights amongst each other over power,
Living for affection and performances,
Biting humans for no apparent reason,
Acting like high and mighty gods and goddesses,
Loving life as it is and not hating it for its lack of variety,
Sleeping freely without worries.

SpringDaisy Vasilko

Spring is coming soon.
Flowers blossom,
and leaves grow.
The sun is shinning,
and the rainy showers
make the flowers bloom.
The days grow warmer, longer.
There are always new things to do.
Many things are changing
through the days, but
some things are meant to remain the same.

The Flower Juliana Stilwell

The dark night smells of nothing.

The flower smells of everything.

Why do people think of the dark night?

Do you not see the flower?

The flower that is whirling in the wind with all of its beauty.

The wind is blowing,
The flower must be whirling,
Sweet and pink in the dark, dark night.

The sky is dark.
Clouds fill the dark sky.
Clouds and the sky are one.
The flower, clouds, and sky are one.

My sad, sad heart

Juliana Stilwell

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My sad, sad heart Longs to be cradled in his arms. My head is spinning; my palms are sweaty. That first kiss has left me wondering.

My sad sad heart

Longs for his body to be near,

To breathe without him around

Is like knives embedded in my sad, sad heart.

A knock at the door?
Who can that be?
My sad, sad heart leaps from my chest
As I fold into his arms.
My sad, sad heart can now be put to rest.

December

Brooke Shearin

I wanna be drunk like that night in December. I wanna smile again without faking the cry. I wanna be loved by you like I love you. But for some reason. I still want to be that other girl that walks by. Don't feel bad, because it's not your fault. I'm just not strong enough to hold myself up. I can't let go of what I'll never be. The flaws are dug in way too deep. How nice would it be if forgetting was that easy? The river could freeze anytime that you needed; To escape from the pain but the blood keeps on Pulsing. Running in circles and no way of Knowing when the time ends and if it was worth Even going. Just look past my eyes and a little deeper, I beg the attention, and I can't help but wonder When I went wrong and the sky started to fall and Shaking my head does nothing at all. To get rid of this pain and my want for more, Just let me let go, and hate me today. Breathe me In like smoke, and puff me out like rain. Let me fall hard and fast so getting up gets easier. And then, maybe again I can be that girl Who made you smile when she tried and Whose innocence was warm, and she never lied. But for now, swallow hard, and hope for the best As the mountain grows higher, as I take each small step. When do I get there? Not sure. This is why I wish you would just grab me, and pull me, and never let go. I'm gonna make the mistake and lose so much control. Forgive me for this; I can't let you know. I'll keep it inside, And trust me, it won't show. I'll get drunk this December and smile and glow.

ay, theres the rub

She can't say no to him. He's everything she's never wanted. Just trying it feels wrong. To hell with the consequences. She's already made up her mind. He'll discard her by tomorrow. maybe sooner. a risk she's willing to take. He'll break her heart. Logically, she knows he already has, but she can't resist. A moment with him is all she needs to turn her back on an eternity sweet, sweet, so sweet, the decision she'll soon regret. He'll never come through for her; she'll never deny him. Her addiction is clear. He won't leave her smiling. She'll never satisfy him. She can't say no to him. He's everything she's never wanted.

Cuts Sandy Nguyen

Cuts and bruises
everyone loses.
Blood on the doorsteps,
where all the secrets are kept.
whispers and lies,
leading someone on their demise.
Hearts are broken,
what an ungrateful token.
Tears are shed,
my heart feels like lead.
Words that hurt
this just won't work.

Sanity

Juliana Stilwell

This room is so bright.

My mind is all gone.

Will someone turn out that light?

I can feel it in my bones.

I can't say that I am sane. I toss and turn. This sanity has left me with a cane. I want this place to burn.

To many sad memories are in my head, I want to tell them to leave.
I wish I could just take the lead.
I feel like I might heave.

Lilies Poem Sierra Alley

Lilies
Lay
In the flower beds
Beneath the dew on the tree limbs
And in the vases on the stand
Like
Sweet creatures that tell no harm
Lying limply over one another,
The paleness on ones face
Fainting
Into silences we hide ourselves in

Love LessonSandy Nguyen

i wish i could stop you from getting hurt, from getting blame.
but would it ever be the same?
if you never learn your lesson
than what's the use in what i'm saying?
i shouldn't be on my knees
begging and praying.
i wish i could say sorry,
cause i played a part,
in saying i never did anything,
except breaking your heart.

AppleSandy Nguyen

I plucked an apple from the farthest tree, the prettiest one you ever did see. I brought him the apple to place in his hands; he quickly answered, "I don't think I can."

It was too young and green, for my eyes were not keen, so ,I treasured the passion through delicate winter but neglected it at a moment's hinder.

And I thought the little gift would grow in my absence, for I took it to him — offering penance.

He gazed at the dawn and brought to his lips, he gave it back and I felt my heart rip.

For what I'd bring could not give me a ring.

When swallows flew to rest in 'Stran, the face of wallowing ever donned, and I grieved with my shadow and whispered poor prayers in hope that his answer someday may waver.

He spoke with no words
but only his eyes,
they told me everything about my lies.
He left soon —
too quick!
An unkind word had fallen from his lips.

After Sandy Nguyen

after this
it won't be the same.
there won't be much to miss,
no use in playing this game.
does it matter if i remember?
is it better that i forget?
no reason in being upset
things right now are meant to occur.

after this
i'll learn to love.
what i couldn't see
and chose not to believe,
and no reason when push comes to shove.
no lies to hold down nor lies to deceive.

Angels in the Moss

Jessica Dixon

I watched soldiers march across your grave today,
Listened to the horses clop in the grass.
I didn't want to think about them walking on you.
So I turned away.

There was a tree across the cemetery,
Spanish moss dripping from its limbs.
It was beyond the fallen angels and deserted crosses.
All of it reminded me of you.

I lifted the veil from my face
And turned back to your plot.
The soldiers were gone,
Just the hoof prints of their horses left behind.

The breath I drew was sharp and painful.

I didn't want to stand on top of you,
But the smell of the wild flowers in my hands reasoned with me.

I approached you reluctantly.

"Hey there," I whispered as I handed you the flowers.

"These are for you. I hope you like them."

In the distance, a bird sang.

My eyes fell on your epitaph.

Find me hanging in the moss. See me sitting on angel's wings.

And tears.
And tears.
And tears.

In Memory Brooke Shearin

Why won't you look me in the face? Why can't your eyes open up at all?

The car keeps running, and I suffocate in tears.

I suffocate in defeat.

I suffocate in determination

There is no room left in this closed-off space.
Only a body of addiction — a body of loss.

Why won't you look me in the face? Why can't your eyes open up at all?

Relationships absent, a searching for affection. Is a single child enough to fill a hole in acceptance?

The bottle lay sideways, pouring like an hourglass. The drops of intoxication marking each final gasp.

Why won't you look me in the face? Why can't your eyes open up at all?

Euphoria is a fragile, empty soul of searching; I'm sorry I hurt, but the hurt has kept me going

Exhaustion is a last impression, a good riddance to your existence.

Muffled voices I can't respond to —
I'm paralyzed with decision.

So why won't you look me in the face? Why can't your eyes open up at all?

Teachings Taught

Jessica Dixon

Love, the world Taught me to fight it. So. I set fire to the bonds My heart had made Before I walked 400 miles To the ocean There, a sailboat waited for me. Waited. Had been waiting for years, Said the skeleton man At the sail. I nodded, had learned Long ago Not to question the skeletons We run across. The world taught me that -Go with the flow -The flow of water and wind Carried me across the ocean With the skeleton-man. His teeth chattering like a metronome Keeping time. Three months I traveled. No food. No water. Perched on death's boughs, I waited For the skeleton man to

Toss me overboard.

One day, he did, And I found myself floating On a sea of sunken, sullen bodies Much worse off than me I suppose. I thought to myself, That I'll soon be like them. Then, I floated. For years this time. For so long that there Came a day when I saw A body fall into the sea, And that body. It remarked That it would never be Worse off than me. But I continued to float. I floated so long that I forgot everything The world Had taught me. I floated until... I stopped And washed up on a beach Made of barbed wire Where a body lay, Pierced with barbs. Rust covering his naked form. I climbed over the hazardous Island. Pleased by the pain that was drawing blood

From my

Hunched and shriveled body.

Finally, I felt like me again. I smiled as I reached the man. He was young. He was beautiful. He was Life. I kissed his crusted lips, And there, Wrapped in his Shredded arms, I found Love. The world, It said I should Eradicate love. Life. He said I should Embrace it. Turns out.

I did.

<untitled> Rachel House

It wasn't going to happen.

I wasn't going to let it.

I wasn't going to give in.

I was standing on the edge of the ocean.

Heels dug in deep — not giving an inch.

The tide was coming — relentless.

Still, I wouldn't budge.

Impact so alluring — unlike any wave I'd felt before.

"Fresh," "new," seemed trite but true.

For the first time, the air around me seemed cleaner.

The light, less filtered.

Unafraid.

It happened.

I let it.

I gave in.

End

Sandy Nguyen

Let's end it now while we can escape from all the misery and pain. Every mistake we made now sworn to hurt us more. What can we gain out of this? Nothing good will ever come. The pain is unrelenting and too hard to control. There's no more love to share. No tear to shed and comfort to spare. As long as we stay together there will only be despair in our midst. One day our indifference comes to an end, and we'll forget that impassioned kiss. I just don't know you anymore, and we've wasted too much time thinking of something to say, while trying to ignore the pain. Let's end it now so we can rest; no more fights and apathy to endure, no questions asked of anything unsure. It's better this way, maybe even for the best, I'm sure. So we can rest.

prism

Poems by

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